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THE BLACK MASK.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

The count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he labored under. "No bad news from Vienna, I hope, said she: - has any thing occurred to trouble you there?" "I am recalled, said he, hastily; ordered I know not where; perhaps to Poland. However I am expected to join immediately." "But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl, passionately—"you will not go?" "How am I to help it?" answered he. "Have you not told me, said she, a thousand times, that the Emperor was your friend; that he loved you, and would serve you? Will he not give you leave of absence? Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna; I will myself tell him all. I will fall at his feet and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favor in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me." "Adela, said he, do not speak thus: I must go; but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me.—You believed me once before; did I deceive you? Pledge me but your word not to forget me; to be my own when I return"—"I swear it, cried she, falling upon his neck, "nothing but death shall change me, if even that; and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come; is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then. As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and turned to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment: his horse stood saddled at the door; he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or on horseback, served only

to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the Count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless and her step infirm, while her low, sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her, whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. The summer into the autumn flowed, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he never returned; and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursions; and if she had any objections, she thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, which would have overcome them all: so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing. The court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavors to welcome a monarch who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, redoubs, and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation throughout the city. The baron and his daughter however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found an hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain unknown and unmolested, as long as

they should thing proper to remain in the capital.

They had not been many days in their new shade, when tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather, and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there too witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present (they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and endeavor if possible, to gain the city before the troops should have left it). With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manœuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood informed the baron, that a traitor regiment was about to take up that position of the field, and requested with great politeness that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience they might witness the review; this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact, that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people, induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who in their long drooping cloaks of white looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot; their attention now was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of the artillery, and while the loud cry of "Der Kaiser," "Leb der Kaiser," rose to the skies from thousands of his subjects; the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were soon carouelling upon their beautiful "shin-

mels," (such is the term given them and in the midst of them rode the Emperor himself,) conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting; there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, could not clearly discern his features.—Adela's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor and his favorite aid-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck. He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously proffering aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes and gazed on him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavoring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream, and then muttering some low, indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but it was too plain the lovely girl

had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her.—She lay thus for two days, and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beauteous child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek; what was his joy to discover symptoms of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell; and raising one arm, placed it round her father's neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her; with what an ecstasy of joy he watched the signals of recovering life; and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms. As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked-ball given by the emperor to his subjects.—Her face, which had hitherto been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow; a half suppressed shriek escaped her; the smile faded from her lips; her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hue of death again resumed its dominion. It was but a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued the scenes of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, to which all ranks were eligible, and great was the rejoicing in Vienna, as a mark of such royal condescension and favor.—The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendor of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly plucked flowers in his bonnet; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole,

strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port, for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from that land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the sovereign, and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the maz, and habit himself in domino; under which disguise, after many ludicrous encounters with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet bodices so lightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacks, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited, banished all recollection around him—the music and the dance he no longer minded. All passed unheeded before his eyes; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly beloved! He heaved a deep drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the bedizage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on; but then there was that in the low, plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black; the heavy folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently before him, and then said. Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice o' call their own, be sad amid a scene like this?"

"What mean you?" cried he. "How knew you me?"

"How knew I thee?" she repeated in a low, melancholy tone.

"There was something in the way those few words were uttered, which chilled his very life's blood; and yet he knew not whencefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness—"My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of——"

"Of those you had long forgotten—is it not?" said the mask.

"How?" cried he; "what means this?—You have roused me to a state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part."

"That shall you do," said the mask; "but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone." Saying which, she led the way, and he followed to a small cabinet, which leading off one angle of the saloon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practiced on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The Mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp the only light of the apartment. She turned her head slowly around as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview; on perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently on his arm:—he shuddered from some indescribable emotion as he felt the touch; but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments. "I have come to keep my promise," said the Mask in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him. "What promise have you made?" said the emperor agitated; "I can bear this no longer?" "Stay! stop!" cried she gently; and the voice in which that word was uttered, thrilled to his inmost heart; it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

"To keep a promise am I come—bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then? Have you all now you ever wished for, ever hoped?"

He groaned deeply.

"Alas!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could be spared that thought! I do remember one—out—"

"Then hear me, false-hearted! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more: her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell!" and the voice with which the word was uttered, faltered and died away into almost a whisper.

He stood entranced—he spoke not—moved not: the hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the Mask made a gesture of departure.

"Stay!" cried he. "Not so—you leave not thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus?" and he lifted his hand to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stepped back, and waving him back with one hand, said in a low and hollow voice,—"Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, sir, for your sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer!" and she again endeav-

ored to pass him as he stood between her and the small door which led towards the court-yard.

"You go not hence, till I have seen you unvail," he said in a voice of increased agitation.

The Mask then lifting the lamp which stood by with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colorless; and her eyes beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground!

When he recovered, he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of gladsome voices. Pale and distracted he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his confidants, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the Mask, though none spoke to her; and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so celebrated for fearlessness as the emperor.

Accordingly, many took the streets which led from the court-yard, and terminated in the Augustine church and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends, masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble-and ill-requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the Monarch of Austria and Hungary, for remorse bound him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron, he cried hastily,

unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head. "Noble sir," said he, "the baron lies on a bed of sickness; since this morning, he has uttered no word; I fear he will never rise again."

"His daughter—lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas, sir, she died this morning."

"Liar! slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxysm of grief and astonishment, "but an hour since, I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man started incredulously, and pointed to the stair-case, and taking a lamp, he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence up the broad stair-case and through the long corridor, until he stopped at a door which he gently opened, and making the sign of the cross, entered the room—they followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights, and at one extremity, on a large couch, laid two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around; wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor with an unsteady step approached the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, laid the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino. He thought she slept, and in the low tender accent with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response.—He took her hand; it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed steadfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance, her eyes were now closed forever; her heart had ceased to beat; she was beautiful, thought in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right hand, was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or know the bitter and agonizing remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor, as he gazed for the last time, on the pallid features of one, perhaps the only one, who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being, than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

* * * * *

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old

castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety, amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the sonion of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind, the parting look of her who he had first met in the dark forest of Hungary.

From the Albany Argus.

Evening on the Hudson.

The moon bath desired her watch-tower on high,
And the stars are all out in the beautiful sky—
Mount Merino looms up from the valley below,
And her white harvest gleams like the wind-drifted
snow,

While her cone-fashioned pines, cold and gloomy and
still,
Stand like sentinels guarding the sheep on the hill;
And the fire-fly lights, ever glancing about,
Seem but lamps which the fairies have brought to their
root.

The cricket doles out a monotonous song
To the hours as they noiselessly snunter along,
And the tadpole is croaking his burdonous strain,
And making his plaint to the night air in vain.
All is silent beside—the unmurmuring breeze
Neither bends the lank grass, nor disturbs the tall trees.
One might think for this moment the world had been
made,

For the world was created this moment of shade—
'Tis the sabbath of nature! oh, turn not away,
From its peace to the rude saturnalia of day.

Here the Hudson winds waveless and quietly by,
Where the shallows at rest on his broad bosom lie,
Far beyond the blue lines of the Catskill are spread,
And clouds for a diadem crown his old head;
A lone star hangs over it, lucid and bright,
'Tis the queen-star of evening, the glory of night.
Who hath eyes that can see, and will wander abroad,
And unthinkingly gaze on this temple of God,
The blossoming earth, and the limitless heaven,
And the shade and the sunshine alternately given!
Here is eve for the thoughtful, and day for the glad,
And a season of rest for the weary and sad.
O, where life's busy day hath drawn near to its close—
And the heart-broken pilgrim shall pant for repose,
May the stars still beam forth from their regions of
bliss,

And my night be as calm and as tranquil as this.

Hudson, 3d July.

VIATOR.

ANECDOTE.—A few days since, a little ragged urchin was sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill which had just become due. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more impudent, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, "You need not dun me so sharply, I am not going to run away at present." "I don't suppose you are, said the lad," scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."

LIFE OF LAPAYETTE.

LAPAYETTE, Gilbert Motier, (formerly marquis de,) was born at Chavagnac, near Brioude, in Auvergne, September 6, 1757; was educated in the college of Louis le Grand, in Paris; placed at court as an officer in one of the guards of honor; and at the age of 17 was married to the grand daughter of the duke Noailles. It was under these circumstances that the young marquis de Lafayette entered upon a career so little to be expected of a youth of vast fortune, of high rank, of powerful connexions, at the most brilliant and fascinating court in the world. He left France secretly for America in 1777, and arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, April 25, being then 19 years old. The state of this country, it is well known, was at that time most gloomy. A feeble army, without clothing or arms, was with difficulty kept together before a victorious enemy; the government was without resources or credit, and the American agents in Paris were actually obliged to confess that they could not furnish the young nobleman with a conveyance. "Then," said he, "I will fit out a vessel myself;" and he did so. The sensation produced in this country by his arrival was very great; it encouraged the almost disheartened people to hope for succor and sympathy from one of the most powerful nations in Europe. Immediately on his arrival, Lafayette received the offer of a command in the continental army, but declined it—raised and equipped a body of men at his own expense, and then entered the service as a volunteer, without pay. He lived in the family of the commander-in-chief, and won his full affection and confidence. He was appointed major-general in July, and in September was wounded at Brandywine. He was employed in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island in 1778, and, after receiving the thanks of the country for his important services, embarked at Boston in January, 1779, for France, where it was thought that he could assist the cause more effectually for a time. The treaty concluded between France and America, about the same period, was, by his personal exertions, made effective in our favor, and he returned to America with the intelligence that a French force would soon be sent to this country. Immediately on his arrival he entered the service, and, received the command of a body of infantry of about 2000 men, which he clothed and equipped, in part, at his own expense. His forced marches to Virginia in December, 1780, raising 2000 guineas at Baltimore, on his own credit, to supply the

wants of his troops; his rescue of Richmond; his long trial of generalship with Cornwallis, who boasted that "the boy could not escape him;" the siege of Yorktown, and the storming of the redoubt, are proofs of his devotion to the cause of American Independence. Desirous of serving that cause at home, he again returned to France for that purpose. Congress which had already acknowledged his merits on former occasions, now passed new resolutions, November 23, 1781, in which, besides the usual marks of approbation, they desired the American ministers to confer with him in their negotiations. In France a brilliant reputation had preceded him, and he was received with the highest marks of public admiration. Still, he urged upon his government the necessity of negotiating with a powerful force in America, and succeeded in obtaining orders to his effect. On his arrival in Cadiz, he found 49 ships, with twenty thousand men, ready to follow him to America, had not peace rendered it unnecessary. A letter from him communicated the first intelligence of that event to Congress.

The importance of his services in France may be seen by consulting his letters in the Correspondence of the American Revolution, (Boston, 1831.) He received pressing invitations, however, to revisit the country. Washington, in particular, urged it strongly, and, for the third time, Lafayette landed in the United States, Aug. 4, 1784. After passing a few days at Mount Vernon, he visited Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, &c. and was every where received with the greatest enthusiasm and delight. Previous to his return to France, Congress appointed a deputation, consisting of one member from each State, "to take leave of him on behalf of the country, and assure him that the United States regard him with particular affection, and will not cease to feel an interest in whatever may concern his honor and prosperity." After his return, he was engaged in endeavoring to mitigate the condition of the Protestants in France, and to effect the abolition of slavery. In the assembly of the nobles, in 1787, he proposed the suppression of *lettres de cachet*, and of the state prison, the emancipation of the Protestants, and the convocation of the representatives of the nation. When asked by the count D'Artois, since Charles X. if he demanded the states-general, "Yes," was the reply, "and something better." Being elected a member of the states-general, which took the name of *National Assembly*, (1789,) he proposed a declaration of rights, and the

decree providing for the responsibility of the officers of the crown. Two days after the attack on the Bastile, he was appointed (July 15) Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards of Paris. The Court and National Assembly were still at Versailles, and the population of Paris, irritated at this, had already adopted, in sign of opposition, a blue and red cockade, being the colors of the city of Paris. July 26, Lafayette added to this cockade the white of the royal arms, declaring at the same time that the tri-color should go round the world. On the march of the populace to Versailles, (October 5 and 6,) the National Guards claimed to be led thither. Lafayette refused to comply with their demand until, having received colors in the afternoon, he set off, and arrived at ten o'clock, after having been on horseback from before daylight. He requested that the interior posts of the *chateau* might be committed to him; but this request was refused, and the outer posts only were entrusted to the National Guards. This was the night on which the assassins murdered two of the Queen's guards, and were proceeding to further acts of violence, when Lafayette, at the head of the national troops, put an end to the disorder, and saved the lives of the royal family. In the morning he accompanied them to Paris. On the establishment of the Jacobin club at Paris, he organized, with Bailly, then mayor of Paris, the opposing club of Feuillians. Jan. 20, 1790, he supported the motion for the abolition of titles of nobility, from which period he renounced his own, and never since resumed it. The Constitution of a representative monarchy, which was the object of his wishes, was now proposed, and July 13, 1790, was appointed for its acceptance by the King and the nation, and in the name of 4,000,000 National Guards Lafayette swore fidelity to the Constitution. Declining the dangerous power of constable of France, or generalissimo of the National Guards of the kingdom, after having organized the national militia, and defended the King from popular violence, he resigned all command, and retired to his estates. The first coalition against France (1792) soon called him from his retirement. Being appointed one of the three major-generals in the command of the French armies, he established discipline, and defeated the enemy at Philippeville, Maubedge, and Fiorennes, when his career of success was interrupted by the domestic factions of his country. Lafayette openly denounced the terrible Jacobins in his letter of June 16, in which he declared that the enemies of the Revolution,

under the mask of popular leaders, were endeavoring to stifle liberty under the excesses of licentiousness. June 20, he appeared at the bar of the Assembly to vindicate his conduct, and demand the punishment of the guilty authors of the violence. But the mountain had already overthrown the Constitution, and nothing could be effected. Lafayette then offered to conduct the King and his family to Compeigne. This proffer being declined, he returned to the army, which he endeavored to rally round the Constitution. June 30, he was burnt in effigy at the Palais-Royal, and Aug. 5 was accused of treason before the Assembly. Still he declared himself openly against the proceedings of August 10; but finding himself unsupported by his soldiers, he determined to leave the country, and take refuge in some neutral ground. Some persons have charged Gen. Lafayette with a want of firmness at this period; but it is without a full understanding of the situation of things. Conscious that a price was set on his head at home—knowing that his troops would not support him against the principles which were triumphing in the clubs and the assembly, and sensible that, even if he were able to protract the contest with the victorious faction, the frontiers would be exposed to the invasion of the emigrants and their foreign allies, with whom he would have felt it treason against the nation to have negotiated, he had no alternative. Having been captured by an Austrian patrol, he was delivered to the Prussians, by whom he was again transferred to Austria. He was carried with great secrecy, to Olmütz, where he was subjected to every privation and suffering, and cut off from all communication with his friends, who were not able to discover the place of his confinement until late in 1794. An unsuccessful attempt was made to deliver him from prison by Dr. Bollman, a German, and Mr. Huger, now Col. Huger, of Charleston, South Carolina.—His wife and daughters, however, succeeded in obtaining admission to him, and remained with him nearly two years till his release.—Washington had written directly to the Emperor of Austria on his behalf without effect; but after the memorable campaign of Bonaparte in Italy, the French Government required that the prisoners at Olmütz should be released, which was done Aug. 25, 1797, after a negotiation that lasted three months.—Refusing to take any part in the Revolutions of the 18th Fructidor, or of the 18th Brumaire, he returned to his estate at La Grange, and, declining the dignity Senator, offered him

by Bonaparte, he gave his vote against the Consulate for life, and, taking no further part in public affairs, devoted himself to agricultural pursuits.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, he perceived that their principles of government were not such as France required, and he did not therefore leave his retirement.—the 20th of March, 1815, again saw Napoleon on the imperial throne, and endeavoring to conciliate the nation by the profession of liberal principles. Lafayette refused, though urged through the mediation of Joseph, to see him—protested against the *acte additionnel* of April 22—declined the peerage offered him by the Emperor, but accepted the place of representative, to which the votes of his fellow-citizens called him. He first met Napoleon at the opening of the chambers; the Emperor received him with great marks of kindness, to which, however he did not respond; but, although he would take no part in the projects of Napoleon, he gave his vote for all necessary supplies, on the ground that France was invaded, and that it was the duty of all Frenchmen to defend their country. June 21, Napoleon returned from Waterloo, and it was understood that it was determined to dissolve the House of Representatives, and established a dictatorship. Two of his counsellors informed Lafayette that, in two hours the representative body would cease to exist.—Immediately on the opening of the session, he ascended the tribune and addressed the house as follows:—"When, for the first time, after an interval of many years, I raise a voice which all the old friends of liberty will still recognise, it is to speak of the danger of the country, which you only can save. This, then is the moment for us to rally round the old tri-colored standard, the standard of '89, of liberty, of equality, of public order, which we have now to defend against foreign violence and usurpation." He then moved that the house declare itself in permanent session, and all attempts to dissolve it high treason; that whoever should make such an attempt, should be considered a traitor to the country, &c.—In the evening Napoleon sent Lucien to the house to make one more effort in his favor.—Lucien, in a strain of impassioned eloquence conjured the house not to compromise the honor of the French nation by inconstancy to the Emperor. At these words Lafayette rose in his place, and, addressing himself directly to the orator, exclaimed, "Who dares accuse the French nation of inconstancy to the Emperor? Through the sands of Egypt and the

wastes of Russia, over fifty fields of battle, this nation has followed him devotedly; and it is for this that we now mourn the blood of three millions of Frenchmen." This appeal had such an effect on the assembly, that Lucien resumed his seat without finishing his discourse. A deputation of five members from each house was then appointed to deliberate in committee with the council of ministers.—Of this deputation, General Lafayette was a member, and he moved that a committee should be sent to the Emperor to demand his abdication. The Arch-Chancellor refused to put the motion; but the Emperor sent in his abdication the next morning, June 22. A provisional government was formed, and Lafayette was sent to demand a suspension of hostilities of the armies, which was refused.—On his return, he found Paris in possession of the enemy; and a few days after (July 8,) the door of the representatives chamber was closed, and guarded by Prussian troops. Lafayette conducted a number of the members to the house of Lanjuinais, the President, where they drew up a protest against this act of violence, and quietly separated. Lafayette now retired once more to La Grange, where he remained till 1818, when he was chosen member of the Chamber of the Deputies. Here he continued to support his constitutional principles, by opposing the laws of exceptions, the establishment of the censorship of the Press, the suspension of personal liberty, &c., and by advocating the cause of public instruction, the organization of a national militia, and the inviolability of the charter.

In June, 1824, he landed at New-York, on a visit to the United States, upon the invitation of the President, and was received in every part of the country with the warmest expressions of delight and enthusiasm. He was proclaimed, by the popular voice, 'The Guest of the Nation,' & his presence was every where the signal for festivals and rejoicings. He passed through the 24 States of the Union in a sort of triumphal procession, in which all parties joined to forget their dissensions, in which the veterans of the war renewed their youth, and the young were carried back to the doings and sufferings of their fathers.—Having celebrated, at Bunker hill, the anniversary of the first conflict of the Revolution, and, at Yorktown, that of its closing scene, in which he himself had borne so conspicuous a part, and taken leave of the four ex-presidents of the United States, he received the farewell of the President in the name of the nation, and sailed from the capital in a frigate

named, in compliment to him, the Brandywine, Sept. 7, 1825, and arrived at Havre, where the citizens, having peaceably assembled to make some demonstrations of their respect for his character, were dispersed by the gendarmerie. In December following, the Congress of the United States made him a grant of \$200,000, and a township of land, "in consideration of his important services and expenditures during the American Revolution."—The grant of money was in the shape of stock, bearing interest at six percent., and redeemable December 31, 1834. In August, 1827, he attended the obsequies of Manuel, over whose body he pronounced an eulogy. In November, 1827, the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved. Lafayette was again returned a member by the new elections. Shortly before the Revolution of 1830 he travelled to Lyons, &c., and was enthusiastically received—a striking contrast to the conduct of the ministers towards him, and an alarming symptom to the despotic government. During the Revolution of July, 1830, he was appointed General-in-Chief of the National Guards of Paris, and, though not personally engaged in the fight, his activity and name were of the greatest service. To the Americans, Lafayette, the intimate friend of Washington, had appeared in his last visit, almost like a great historical character returning from beyond the grave. In the eyes of the French, he is a man of the early days of their Revolution,—a man, moreover, who has never changed side or principle. His undeviating consistency is acknowledged by all, even by those who do not allow him the possession of first-rate talents. When the National Guards were established throughout France, after the termination of the struggle, he was appointed their Commander-in-Chief, and his activity in this post was admirable. Aug. 17, he was made marshal of France. His influence with the Government seems to have been, for some time, great, but whether his principles were too decidedly republican to please the new authorities, [a few days after the adoption of the new charter he declared himself against hereditary peerage, and repeatedly called himself a pupil of the American school.] or whether he was considered as the rallying point of the republican party, or whatever may have been the reason, he sent his resignation in December, 1830, which was accepted, and Count Lobau appointed chief of the National Guards of Paris. Lafayette declared from the tribune that he had acted thus in consequence of the distrust which the power accompanying his

situation seemed to excite in some people.—On the same occasion he also expressed his disapprobation of the new law of election.—Shortly before his resignation, he exerted himself most praiseworthy to maintain order during the trial of the ex-ministers. The Poles lately made him first grenadier of the Polish National Guards. We are unable to state what were Lafayette's views respecting the best government for France in its present condition, though undoubtedly, in the abstract, he preferred a Republic.

My Life is like the Summer Rose.

By Richard H. Wild.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.

But on that rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
It holds is frail—it state is brief—
Restless and soon to pass away.

Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print whose loss
Have left on Temp's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall hast,
This track will vanish from the sand.

Yet, as if grieving to suffice
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore, loud moans the sea,
But none shall ever lament for me.

The following lines are from the pen of a lady of Baltimore, in answer to the above Stanzas:

ANSWER.

The dews of night may fall from heaven,
Upon the withered rose's bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues past and dead;
Yet morning's sun the rose will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pang be lulled to sleep,
And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn its fallen bough,
And autumn winds bewail the bane,
And friends may leave the sight of grief
Over those who sleep within the tomb;

Yet soon will spring renew the flower,
And time will bring more smiling hours;
In friendship's bosom all grief will die,
And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore
Lament each trace it tears away,
The lonely heart its grief may pour
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay;

Yet when all trace is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and gaily on,
Thus soon affliction's bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to mourn.

THE LEG.—*From the German.*

In the autumn of the year 1782, Louis Théveues, a surgeon of Calais, received a note without a signature, inviting him to a country seat situated not far from Paris, and to bring with him all the instruments necessary for an amputation. Théveues was at that time known far and wide as the most expert practitioner of his profession; it was not unusual to summon him over the straits to England, in order to have advantage of his judgment.— He had served a long time in the army, and was somewhat tough in his exterior, but still one could not help loving him for his good nature. Théveues was astonished at the anonymous note. The day, hour, and spot were indicated when and where he would be expected, but, as said before, the signature was wanting. "Some of our sops have a mind to play me tricks," thought he, and stayed at home.

Three days afterwards he received a similar invitation, but still more pressing than the former, with the notice that a coach would wait at nine the following morning before his house to convey him.

In fact, punctually at nine the next day, a handsome open carriage appeared, and Théveues hesitated no longer, but mounted the coach. At the door he inquired of the driver—"To whom are you taking me?"

He replied, "It is unknown to me, I am not concerned," or something to that effect.

"An Englishman also. You are a churl," answered Théveues.

The carriage at last stopped before a handsome country house. "To whom am I going? Who lives here? Who is unwell here?" interrogated Théveues, as he descended. He received the same reply as before, and added the same rejoinder. A handsome young man about twenty-eight years of age received him at the house door, and led him to a beautiful room on the second floor. His speech betrayed him to be an Englishman. Théveues therefore addressed him in English, and received friendly answers.

"You sent for me," said the surgeon.

"I am obliged for your trouble in attending

me," replied the Briton; "will you be seated? There is chocolate, coffee, wine, in case you like to take any thing before your operation."

"Show me my patient first, sir. I must examine the injury to see whether amputation is necessary."

"It is necessary, Mr. Théveues. Be seated. I have every confidence in you. Listen to me. There is a purse containing 100 guineas. I intended it as a payment for the operation you are about to perform. That will not be all if you perform the operation successfully. On the other hand, if you fail to fulfil my wishes— you see this pistol. It is loaded; you are in my power; I swear by God I'll shoot you dead!"

"Sir, your pistols inspire me with nodread. But what is your desire? Speak out without preface. What am I to do?"

"You must cut off my right leg."

"Willingly, sir; and if you wish, your head also. But if I am right, the leg seems sound enough. You sprang up the stairs before me like a rope-dancer. What ails that leg?"

"Nothing. I wish to get rid of it."

"You are a fool!"

"What have you to do with that Mr. Théveues?"

"How has your beautiful leg offended you?"

"Not at all! but have you made up your mind to take it off?"

"I do not know you, sir. Bring me witnesses of your otherwise sound and healthy mind."

"Will you fulfil my wish, Mr. Théveues?"

"Sir, as soon as you give me a reasonable ground for your matilition."

"I cannot tell you the truth at present.— Perhaps in a year's time. But I wager, sir, you yourself after the lapse of a year, will confess that my motive for getting rid of it was most noble."

"I will not bet unless you mention your name, residence, family and employment."

"You shall learn all this hereafter; but now I entreat you to consider me as a man of honor."

"A man of honor does not threaten his surgeon with pistols. I have duties to perform towards you even as a stranger. I shall not mutilate you without reason. If you wish to be the murderer of an innocent man, fire."

"Well," Mr. Théveues," said the Englishman, and took the pistol, "I will not shoot you; but I will, nevertheless, compel you to take off my leg. What you have refused to

do as a favor, or from love of gain, or fear of the bullet, you shall now do from pity."

"And how so, sir?"

"I will break my own leg with the shot, and even now, here before your eyes."

The Englishman seated himself, took the pistol and held the mouth close above his knee. Mr. Theveues was about to spring up to ward it off. "Do not stir," said the Briton, "or I fire." Only answer my single question. "Do you wish unnecessarily to increase and prolong my pain?"

"You are a fool, sir! I will do your wish. I'll take the accursed leg off."

Every thing was arranged for the operation. As soon as the first incision was made, the Englishman lighted his pipe, and swore it should not go out. He kept his word; the leg lay dead on the floor; the Briton smoked on. Mr. Theveues concluded the affair in a masterly manner. The invalid was in a short time restored to health. He rewarded his surgeon, whom he esteemed more and more each day; thanked him with tears in his eyes for the loss of his leg, and sailed for England with a wooden stump.

About eighteen weeks after his departure Mr. Theveues received a letter from England, the contents of which were as follows:

"Enclosed you will receive an order upon Mr. Panchand, banker, at Paris, for two hundred and fifty guineas, as a proof of my deepest and most sincere gratitude. You have made me the happiest mortal on earth in depriving me of a limb which was the only impediment to my happiness."

"Noble man!—you may now learn the reason of my foolish whim, as you called it.—You then maintained there could be no just reason for an act of self mutilation like mine. I offered to bet—you did well in refusing to accept it."

"On my second return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with the most perfect of women—Amelia Hartley. Her fortune and connection influenced my relations; but for me her beauty and heavenly disposition were the only attractions. I mixed in the troop of her admirers. Alas! dearest Theveues, I was fortunate enough to be the most unfortunate of my rivals. She loved me—before all others, me!—did not conceal her love, and rejected me nevertheless. In vain I entreated her hand—in vain her parents and friends begged for me. She was immovable.

"It was not long before I discovered the reason of her refusal to unite herself to me, whom, by her own confession, she loved so

dearly. One of her sisters at last betrayed the secret. Miss Hartley was a most beautiful girl, but had the misfortune to be born with one leg, and feasted on this account to become my wife. She trembled lest I should ever esteem her the less for her imperfection.

"My determination was immediately taken. I wished to be like her. Thanks to you, dearest Theveues, I became so!"

"I returned with my wooden leg to London. It was my intention to seek out Miss Hartley. It had already been rumored, and I myself had written to London, that I had broke my leg by a fall from my horse, and that it had been amputated. I was coddled on every side. Amelia waited when I saw her for the first time. She was a long time in consolable, but now she is my wife. The day after our marriage I revealed, for the first time, the sacrifice I had made to her. She loved me the more tenderly. Oh, Theveues! if I had ten legs to lose, I would offer them for Amelia, without moving a feature!"

"I shall be thankful as long as I live.—Come to London; visit us; become acquainted with my noble wife; and then repent—I am a fool!"

"CHARLES TEMPLE."

Mr. Theveues communicated the anecdote and the contents of the letter to his friends, and laughed every time he related it. "And he still remains a fool!" cried he.

His answer was as follows—

"Sir—I thank you for your valuable present, so must I name it, for I can no longer call it payment for my slight trouble.

"I wish you every happiness in your union with your amiable wife. It is true, a leg is a great sacrifice for a beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate consort; but still not too much if, in the end, we do not find ourselves deceived by our imagination. Adam must pay for the possession of his wife with a rib. A beauty has cost many a rib; others as much at a head,

Nevertheless, permit me modesty to maintain my own. You live in the Paradise of your nuptial spring. You are right, but with this difference only, that my right is long in ripening, like every other truth which we long hesitate to admit.

"Sir, beware! I fear in two years' time you will repent your leg was amputated above the knee. You will find it would have been as well under the knee. In three years' time you will be convinced the loss of the foot would have been sufficient. In four years you will maintain that the sacrifice of the big

too, and in five years that of the little toe was too much.

"In six years you will confess the pairing of a nail would have sufficed.

"All this I say without disparagement to your beautiful bride. Ladies will preserve their beauty and virtue better than even their judgement. In my youth I would have given, any day, my life for my beloved, but never my leg. I should never have regreted the one—the other during my life; for, if I had done so, I would say to-day—"Teveues, you were a fool!"—I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"L. THEVEUES."

In the year 1793, during the terrible days of the Revolution, Mr. Thervues fled to London to save his life from the all-levelling guillotine. From ease, or to make new acquaintance, he made enquiries after Sir Charles Temple. His house was pointed out to him. He gave in his name and was admitted. In an arm chair by the fire, with a jug of foaming porter and twenty newspapers by his side, sat a lusty gentleman. He was so corpulent, he could scarcely raise himself.

"Eh, I am glad to see you, Mr. Thervues," cried the lusty gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple. "Do not be offended that I remain sitting, but the accursed stump prevents me doing any thing. You are probably come, my friend, to see if your right has become ripe?"

"I came as a fugitive, and seek shelter from you."

"You must live with me; for in truth you are a wise man. You must console me. In fact, Thervues, I should have been to-day Admiral of the Blue if this d—d stump had not made me unfit to serve my country.—Here I now read the newspapers, and swear blue and brown that I can be nowhere present. Come, you must console me."

"Your wife will console you better than I can."

"Not a word. Her wooden leg prevented her dancing; she therefore took to cards and scandal. Then, in agreeing with her.—Otherwise an excellent wife."

"Hey day! was I then right?"

"Perfectly, dear Thervues! but be silent. I acted very foolishly. If I had my leg again I would not give even the pairing of a nail!—Between you and me, I was a fool! But keep this truth to yourself."

MADMAW—One that returns a borrowed umbrella.

The Cottage.

Scene of content! the human heart,
A stranger-here to worldly strife,
Free from the turmoil, pain and smart,
The thorns of lessor paths of life.

Finds in thy precincts such repose
As the great world has never given,
The bliss from virtuous thoughts that flows,
Which hold their high communion with heaven!

Not here ambition's fiery wing
Fans the fierce embers of the soul,
Nor here does conscience pollute her sting,
Nor passion rage without control:

For Nature-in her majesty
Here holds her undisputed reign,
From art and her deceptions free,
And folly's unreflecting train.

How happy they whose quiet lot
In scenes so undisturb'd is cast,
Content within this peaceful cot
To breathe life's first breath and its last;

Not e'er for gayer scenes to sigh,
For luxuries ill understood,
Which cheat the sense and lure the eye
From virtue and from solitude.

Fair cottage! whose tranquil bower
The meditative gaze delights,
May innocence and peace, as now,
Forever crown thy days and nights?

Tho' bright in childhood's opening bloom
Rich in a heart that knows but joy,
Never let thy hopes o'ercast with gloom,
Nor pleasure marr'd with grief's alloy.

Should evils against thee be plann'd,
Should dangers throng on every side,
O! still may the maternal hand
Serve as thy safeguard and thy guide!

And when to womanhood thou'rt grown,
And thy fond lover bends the knee,
Think of thy dog, the faithful one,
And hope a like fidelity!

It is no shame for a man to learn that he knoweth not, whatever age he may be.

Married,

On Thursday, the 26th inst., by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Lucius B. Collins, to Miss. Nancy, daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown, all of this city.

At Ghent, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wyncoop, Mr. Van Ness Hoffman, to Miss Nancy Crandell, all of the above place.

Died,

In this city, on the 4th inst. Mr. Conklin Miller, aged 55 years.

On the 24th ult., at Livingston, Mrs. Emma Ten Broeck, wife of Gen. Sam. Ten Broeck, in the 85th year of her age.

My Home is the World.

By Thomas H. Bayly.

Speed! Speed! my fleet vessel, the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair we shall anchor to night;
To-morrow at sunrise, once more shall I stand
On the sea beaten shore of my own native land.

But why does despondency weigh down my heart?
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part;
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast falling tears.

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was borne.

It cannot be changed—no, the clematis climbs
O'er the gay little porch as it did in old times;
And the seat where my father reclined is still there;
But where is my father? Oh, answer me, where?

My mother's own easement, the chamber she loved,
Is still there o'relooking the lawn where I roved;
How thoughtfully she sat with her hand o'er her brow,
As she watched her young darling—ah! where is she
now?

And there is my poor sister's garden: how wild
Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child!
Her voice had a spell in its musical tones
And her cheeks were like rose leaves, ah! where is
she now?

No father reclines on the clematis seat.
No mother looks down from her shaded retreat,
No sister is there stenting idly away,
Till the half-suppressed laughter betrayed where she lay.

But see this green path—'tis the way to the church;
I remember it well. Hark! the sound of the bell!
How oft in my boyhood, a truant I've strayed
To yonder dark yew tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now,
No smooth place is left 'neath the dark yew tree bough;
O'er tablets inscribed with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought is the home of the dead.

And was it for this I looked forward so long,
And shrank from the sweetness of Italy's song,
And turned from the dance of the dark girl of Spain,
And wept for my country again and again?

And was it for this to my casement I crept,
And gazed on the deep when I dreamed that I slept;
To think of fond meetings, the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand's pressure? Ah! was it for this.

When those who so long have been absent return
To the scenes of their childhood it is but to mourn;
Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,
And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed! speed! my fleet vessel—the tempest may rave—
There's a calm in my heart for the dash of the wave;
Speed! speed! my fleet vessel—the sails are unfur'd—
Oh! ask me not whither—my home is the world!

Providence conceals from us the moment of
our death, that we may employ all the others
well.

From the New England Weekly Review.

The two Bridegrooms.

The sun went down on the plains of Palestine, tinged with the redder hue the dark stains of battle. The infidel had retired; and the field, from whence, but a little time before, the clang of arms went up into the still skies of Syria, where the brazen helms and the pale crescent gave back their double flood of sunlight—and where chivalrous lances of Christendom borne down the infidel scimitar, lay silent beneath the darkness—save when some stifled groan, or muttered prayer of the dying, told that the work of death was yet unfinished.

Bravely had Rupert Merton and his bosom friend, the young Knight of Anselm, borne themselves in the terrible strife of that day. But, in the last struggle—just as the vast sea of turbans and scimetars rolled backwards, from the fierce onset of the christian chivalry, they had been separated from each other; and Rupert, with a boding heart, discovered that his friend was not among the weary and war-spent soldiers who gathered together in the Syrian twilight, with those mingled emotions of pain and triumph, which victory attained only by bitter sacrifices, must always inspire. He turned away from the congratulations of his nightly brethren, and sought the bloody scene of the recent encounter.

Fearful were the sight and sounds which pained the senses of Rupert Merton, as he stole watchfully along the ghastly wrecks of the fierce death grapple. On one hand lay the tall and graceful form of the Moslem, with his brazen helmet and light armour, and on the other, the stalwart Knight of Christendom, girded in his cumbersome armour, like a thrown down statue of iron, with his cross-handled sword still grasped in a hand which might never more lift its heavy gauntlet.—The writhing forms of the dying were around him—their ghastly countenances turned upwards to the dim twilight—with here and there a friend bending anxiously over them. Rupert hurried onward. A low moan at his side at length, arrested his attention. He paused, and by the dim light he saw the familiar countenance of his friend. The helmet was off—and there was a ghastly pallor in the features which faintly smiled upon him.—Robert of Anselm had fallen.

Rupert knelt at his side. The wounded man rallying his latent energies, murmured faintly—"Merton, tell my love, how I have fallen. Let her know that her Knight died in his armour, as a Knight should die."

There was a struggle in his ghastly features—his lips moved—the ear of Rupert listened in vain.

"Peace to thee, valiant knight!" said Rupert Merton, as he rose from bending over the inanimate form of his friend. "A braver never laid lance in rest, and a worthier never knelt at the shrine of beauty!" And he left him to the loneliness of the gathering night, which now hung over the battle-field with the darkness of a funeral pall.

* * * * *

Two years had passed away, and one of England's pleasant villages was enlivened with the gaiety and splendour of a merry bridal. It was the bridal of Rupert Merton to the lady-love of Robert of Anslem—the knight who fell with his good sword in hand, and his armour on, in the wars of Palestine.

Marvel not, reader, that the betrothed of Anslem should so soon yield herself to the addresses of another. Did she forget her lover—the good knight who had borne her name on his helmet through the reddest fields of Palestine? Did she cease to remember him, who had laid at her feet the wretched sword and the conquered banner of his enemies—whose armour she had herself laced for its last trial—him, at the mention of whose name, her heart beat prouder, and for whose return she had looked forward with the anxiety of love? Never! She had wept sadly at the story of his fall—glorious as it was—she had offered at many a shrine, prayers for the noble spirit which had passed away forever.—But tears may not always flow—the fountains which have been unsealed by the rude hand of affection may close again. So it was with the lady Eleanor. The tide of agony settled down into the calm melancholy of a spirit sanctified and made better by the trial of grief. And, when she knew that there still remained strong in its bosom, early love of Rupert Merton—a love which his friendship for Robert had checked in its first revelations—she listened to his words of affectionate consolation and sympathy. And she gave her plighted truth to the dearest friend of her warmest love.

They stood up together before the village church altar, and the multitude gazed on them with gratified eagerness. Both were pale—there was a melancholy on their features, which told how deeply they had both tasted of the bitter fountains of existence. But in the noble bearing of Rupert, and in the chastened beauty of his lovely partner, those who looked on them found much to admire; and a whisper of delight ran round the assembly

for one moment, and then, as the imposing ceremony commenced, all became silent once more, in breathless attention.

A clatter of hoofs, as if a horseman was hurrying with the speed of life and death, startled the assemblage. The next moment the tall form of a knight in armour darkened the door of the church. The multitude gave way before his hasty and fierce stride.

"Hold!" he exclaimed in the loud tone of command—"that lady is my betrothed bride, Lady Eleanor, I adjure thee, remember thy vow—break it not for a false traitor!"

All started, and Rupert laid his hand on his sword. "Sir Knight," he said sternly, as the hot blood rushed up to his pale forehead, "at an other time thou shalt be fitly answered, if it so prove that thou art worthy of knightly dealing." And he turned again to the priest at the altar.

The eyes of the stranger shone like fire beneath the bars of his vizor. "Rupert Merton!" he shouted in a fierce and loud voice—"let the ceremony be stayed, or the sanctuary of the living God shall not protect thee."

"Dastard!" returned Merton, and conveying his trembling bride to the hand of his kinsman, and confronting the intruder—Rupert Merton asks no other protection save his own good sword. If thou hast the spirit of a knight follow me!"

They strode through the church aisle together—and in another moment the quick clash of steel rang sharply on the ears of the horror-stricken assembly. The struggle was short—but desperate. Reckless of his own life, each seemed only to seek that of his enemy. Rupert, covered with wounds, reeled forward and grasped the throat of his enemy with that fierce strength which passion lends the last struggles of existence. His glazing eye blazed widely open as he passed his sword like lightning through the body of the stranger. It was a fatal blow. Both fell at the same instant; and, when the multitude gathered about them, they were dead. "Unhelm the stranger," said the priest, as with a shudder he surveyed the dead forms before him.—The helmet was unbound; and the haughty and dark features of Robert of Anslem were exposed—features familiar to many who were present, although seated in the gloominess of death.

The knight of Anslem had recovered from his wounds; he had escaped from the captivity of the infidel and had sought his own loved England, the home of his betrothed—to die by the hand of Rupert of Merton!

" May God deal in mercy with their fierce spirits!" said the priest in a trembling voice.— And the people murmured Amen."

The lady Eleanor died in the cell of a convent, after living for years with a withered heart and a weary spirit—in that dream-like apathy of feeling—that cold, dull torpor of despair, which is broken only by the releasing touch of death.

The Neglected Wife.

By Percival.

He comes not ~~at~~ I have watched the moon go down
And yet he comes not—once it was not so.
He herds not how these bitter joys do flow,
The while he holds his riot in yon town.
Yet he will come and abide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To hear its feeble wailings with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which choirs
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel flowers poison sip.
But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang forever on his eye,
And time, who sole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I lov'd him then—he loved me too—my heart
Still finds its fondness kindled if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd and waste upon the rife
Careness which his babe and wife should share:
Though he should spur me I will calmly bear
His paroxysm hand upon him, then
Would I, with kindness all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

From the Lowell Times.

Domestic Hawfinches

One day in the Life of a Married Man.

Mr. Editor—Are you fond of children? If so, I can supply you with a number from one to half a dozen. For my own part I always detested them. I abominate—

* * * * "The infant
Mallor and nothing in its name's name."

Totally and completely—my prayer has always been, save me from such.

"And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face."—

makes my eyes shine with superlative horror, save me from a school-boy's pranks, mischiefs, and importunity, I say—and so I have always said—I have *always* hated children : and when a child myself, I hated my fellows, and have cleaved from my paternal roof like a calix.

from punishment, when I have heard my younger brothers and sisters piping it. And this aversion—

"Grew with my growth, and strengthen'd with
strength."

I recollect once, when a bachelor (would I were one now,) I boarded with a widow lady, whose only legacy from her husband was half a dozen girls, and all below the age of twelve. Their duets, solos, cantatas, and chorusses, would have drowned the voice of any Signora Catalina, or Madame Malibran in creation. One day I broke upon a juvenile concert, soundly protesting that unless these exhibitions of the power of their voices were suspended, I would instantly quit the house. Only think, Mr. Editor, there were but nine muses, and that number has been sufficient to set the world crazy, but I alone was obliged to endure six tormentors! How I ever came to be married, he who knows all things, knows, I don't. But to the six. Their mother apologised for them, saying,—"La, Mr. ——, we were all *girls* once, and children must have their ways." The fact that we were "all *girls* once" made me smile, and, Madame, perceiving my returning good humor, said, "I know how to bear with children, and when you become a father, so will you!"

"Me become a father! let me die first," exclaimed I horrified. But, alas, the anticipation was nothing to the reality, the consummation I so devoutly deprecated—I shudder while I write it—I am daily addressed by half a dozen torments, collectively and separately, as "Pa!" Ten years experience has put to the test the question whether I can bear with children or not. I have held my peace till this, 26th of Oct. 1833, and now I will lay before the public my complaint—I can be silent no longer. This forenoon I left my sitting room for fifteen minutes, leaving my tribe of Gad in possession. On my return I found, a bon-fire kindled in the bottom of one of my chairs, and one corner of my carpet enclosed with a miniature stone wall, within which wall were—~~half dozen~~ toads! I fell to angry to speak—and succeeded in extinguish the fire, which I had hardly done, when a lengthened howl, like that of a Siberian wolf, came from the closet. I opened the door and a mangy cur yelping with a bound, bolted between my legs, and overturned child No. 6; ran against child No. 5; and skulked beneath the table. "How came this dog here?" cried I in a voice like thunder. "I put him there, Pa," said John. "I'm trying to keep

him there till he is wanted!" "The devil you are," said I—and in a moment more the dog's carcass was turning somersets between the window and the street. The dog disposed of, I proceeded in like manner to eject the foals, the whole six of my blessings remonstrating in tones from that of an infant to a sturdy boy of nine. "My cows, Pa, we're playing keep cows, and them toads are make b'lieve cows?"

But through the window they went instanter, and

Sudden there rose as wild a yell,
And all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had raised the banner cry of ——"

I dare not write it, but the noise of Pandemonium could not have been worse than that raised by my six "pledges," upon the ejection of their make believe cows from my premises. "Me" was appealed to, and in she came. "Why, Mr. —— I'm sure you need not make such a fuss because the children play a little." "Good ——" cried I, "Do you imagine I will permit my carpet to be made a new pasture of?" She went off rather soliloquely, and I more so, for after hunting up a basket, I had employment until after dinner time, in carrying off the stone wall.

O wretched man that I am. While writing this my neighbor is complaining.—"Mr. —— your boy, John, has broken one of my windows!" Before he gets the door closed one of the members of my juvenile choir has struck up a dismal tune in the back yard, wife flies to the rescue with another in her arms—and a rustling, bumping noise calls me to the foot of the stairs, to pick up another who descended them every way but on his feet; a fourth is beating the "Devil's tattoo" on the tin kitchen, with the shovel and tongs—a fifth is stoning the pigeon house—a sixth has stolen to-day's paper to cut up for a kite—and the seventh—thank God, there is not a seventh, if there were, I would bewailing the lot.

—Mr. Editor, the conclusion of the whole matter is this, if you do not take some of my live stock off my hands, I will bind them to the parish, sell them to the gypsies, transport them to Botany Bay—or what is worse than either, put them in a Boarding School.

CATCHING THE TARTARS.—Among the first settlers of Brunswick, Maine, was Daniel Malcome, a man of undaunted courage, and an inveterate enemy to the Indians, who have given him the name of Sungurnumby, i. e. very strong man. Early in the spring he vanished alone in the forest, for the purpose

of splitting rails from the spruce, not apprehensive of the Indians so early in the season. While engaged in this work, and having opened a log with small wedges about half its length, he was surprised by Indians, who crept up and secured his musket standing by his side. "Sungurnumby," said the chief, "now me got you; long me want you; you long time speak Indian; long time worry him; me have got you now; look up stream to Canada." "Well," said Malcome, with true sang froid, "you have me, but just help me to open this log before I go." They all, five in number agreed. Malcome prepared a large wooden wedge, carefully drove it, took his small wedges out, and told the Indians to put in their fingers to the partially split wood, they did; he then suddenly struck out his blunt wedge, and the elastic wood instantly closed fast on their fingers, and he secured them.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

—A fashionable lady of the west end, some time ago, engaged a foot-boy, and gave special instructions, that two days in the week all inquiries respecting her should be replied to by, "not at home." The boy turned out a thief and a tippler; so that she immediately announced to him, he must quit his situation. On this he applied for a character, which she refused on the ground of the impossibility of saying anything in his favor. "Well, my lady," quoth the urching, "that's too bad, many a lie I've told to please you, you might surely tell one to please me."

A SWAP.—Mr. Snooks was asked the other day how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months old I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood—but my nurse, the slut, one day swapped me away for another boy, just to please a friend of hers whose child was rather plain looking."

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